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BURDER'S ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Mr. Burder is well known as an acute and accomplished writer, who has facilitated the studies of the biblical student by means of his "Oriental Customs." Another work, under the title of "Oriental Literature," has just appeared, in which much industrious research among the writings of modern travellers in the East has been turned towards the illustration of the Holy Writings. The following are specimens of this instructive work:—

In Genesis.—No. 46.—xv, 3. *One born in my house, is mine heir.*] "It is still the custom in India, especially among the Mahomedans, that in default of children, and sometimes where there are lineal descendants, the master of a family adopts a slave, frequently a Haffshee Abyssinian, of the darkest hue, for his heir; he educates him agreeably to his wishes, and marries him to one of his daughters. As the reward of superior merit, or to suit the caprice of an arbitrary despot, this honour is also conferred on a slave recently purchased, or already grown up in his family; and to him he bequeaths his wealth, in preference to his nephews, or any collateral branches. This is a custom of great antiquity in the East, and prevalent among the most refined and civilized nations. In the earliest period of the patriarchal history, we find Abraham complaining for want of children, and declaring that either Eliezer of Damascus, or probably one born from him in his house, was his heir, to the exclusion of Lot, his favourite nephew, and all the other collateral branches of his family." Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 201. Halhed's *Gentoo Laws*, p. 81.—"Among the American Indians, if any neighbours are bereaved by death, or by an enemy, of their children, those who are possessed of the greatest number of slaves supply the deficiency: and these are adopted by them, and treated in every respect as if they really were the children of the person to whom they are presented." Carver's *Travels in North America*, p. 158.—Among the Mamelukes, the freed-man is called the child of the house. "Ibrahim, one of the kiayas or colonels of the Janisaries, had so multiplied his free-men, that of the twenty-four beys, which should be their number, no less than eight were of his household. At his death, which happened in 1757, his house, that is, his enfranchised slaves, divided among themselves, but united against all others, continued to give the law." Volney's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 112. 153.

No. 79.—xxix. 20. *And Jacob served seven years for Rachel: and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.*] Herodotus (*Clio*, p. 82. edit. *Gale*,) mentions a very singular custom among the Babylonians which may serve to throw light on the conduct of Laban towards Jacob. "In every district they annually assemble all the marriageable virgins on a certain day; and when the men are come together, and stand round the place, the crier, rising up, sells one after another, always bringing forward the most beautiful first: and having sold her for a great sum of gold, he puts up her who is esteemed second in beauty. On this occasion, the richest of the Babylonians used to contend for the fairest wife, and to outbid one another; but the vulgar are content to take the ugly and lame with money: for when all the beautiful virgins are sold, the crier orders the most deformed to stand up, and after he has openly demanded who will marry her with a small sum, she is at length given to

the man that is contented to marry her with the least. In this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome, serves for a portion to those whose look is disagreeable, or who have any bodily imperfection. A father was not permitted to indulge his own fancy in the choice of a husband for his daughter, neither might the purchaser carry off the woman which he had bought, without giving sufficient security that he would live with her as his own wife. Those also who received a sum of money with such as could bring no price in this market, were obliged to give sufficient security that they would live with them; and if they did not, they were compelled to refund the money."

In Java, the consent of the relations being obtained, the bridegroom is bound to serve the parents of the bride for a year. Raffles's *History of Java*, vol. i. p. 325.

"The Naudowessies have a singular method of celebrating their marriages, which seems to bear no resemblance to those made use of by any other I passed through. When one of their young men has fixed upon a young woman he approves of, he discovers his passion to her parents, who give him an invitation to come and live with them in their tent: he accordingly accepts the offer, and by so doing engages to reside in it for a whole year in the character of a menial servant, during this time he hunts, and brings all the game he kills to the family: by which means the father has an opportunity of seeing whether he is able to provide for the support of his daughter, and the children that may be the consequence of their union. This, however, is only done whilst they are young men, and for their first wife, and not repeated like Jacob's servitude. When this period is expired, the marriage is solemnized after the custom of the country. Clark and Lewis's *Travels to the Missouri*, p. 101.

"In the mode of marriage by Ambel Ana, the father of a virgin makes choice of some young man for her husband, generally from an inferior family, who renounces all further right to or interest in him, and he is taken into the house of his father-in-law, who kills a buffaloe on the occasion, and receives twenty dollars from the son's relations; after this, the booroo bye'nya (the good and bad of him) is vested in the wife's family. If he murders, or robs, they pay the bangoon or fine: if he is murdered, they receive the bangoon: they are liable to any debts he may contract after marriage, those prior to it remaining with his parents. He lives in the family in a state between that of a son and a debtor; he partakes as a son of what the house affords, but has no property in himself: his rice plantation, the produce of his pepper-garden, with every thing that he can gain or earn, belong to the family. He is liable to be divorced at their pleasure, and though he has children, must leave all, and return naked as he came. The family sometimes indulge him with leave to remove to a house of his own, and take his wife with him: but he, his children, and effects are still their property. If he has not daughters by the marriage, he may redeem himself and wife by paying her joojoor; but if there are daughters before they are emancipated, the difficulty is enhanced, because the family are equally entitled to their value: it is common, however, when they are upon good terms, to release him, on the payment of one joojoor, or at most with the addition of an addat of fifty dollars; with this addition, he may insist upon a release whilst his daughters are not marriageable." Marsden's *History of Sumatra*, p. 224.

"The Bundooraunees in Cabul, even at this day, live some of them with their future father-in-law, and earn their bride by their services, like Jacob and Rachel, without ever seeing the object of their wishes. Elphinston's *Cabul*, b. ii. c. 3. Holderness, *on the Customs of the Crim Tartars*, p. 8.

No. 82.—xxx. 1. 2. *And when Rachel saw that she bore Jacob no children, Rachel envied her sister.*] It does not appear that there was at that time and in that country, any thing improper or remarkable in the con-

duct of Jacob, in marrying two sisters. That such connections continued to be formed in that country long after the time of Jacob, is ascertained by a history recorded of Omar, the second caliph of the Mahometans after Mahomet. "While he was on his journey, there came, at one of his stages, a complaint before him, of a man who had married two wives, that were sisters both by father and mother; a thing which the old Arabians, so long as they continued in their idolatry, made no scruple of, as appears from that passage in the Alkoran, where it is forbid for the time to come, and expressed in such a manner, as makes it evident to have been no uncommon practice among them. Omar was very angry, and cited him and his two wives to make their appearance before him forthwith. After the fellow had confessed that they were both his wives, and so nearly related, Omar asked him what religion he might be, or whether he was a Mussulman? Yes, said the fellow. And did you not know, then, said Omar, that it was unlawful for you to have them, when God said, neither marry two sisters any more, *Alkoran*, chap. iv. 277. The fellow swore, that he did not know that it was unlawful, neither was it unlawful. Omar swore he lied, and he would make him part with one of them, or else strike his head off. The fellow began to grumble, and said, he wished he had never been of that religion, for he could have done very well without it, and never had been a whit better for it since he had first professed it: upon which, Omar called him a little nearer, and gave him two blows on the crown with his stick, to teach him better manners, and learn him to speak more reverently of Mahometanism; saying, O thou enemy of God, and of thyself, dost thou revile Islam, which is the religion that God and his angels and apostles, and the best of the creation, have chosen, and threatened him severely if he did not make a quick despatch, and take which of them he loved best. The fellow was so fond of them both, that he could not tell which he had rather part with; upon which, some of Omar's attendants cast lots for the two women; the lot falling upon one of them three times, the man took her, and was forced to dismiss the other." Ockley's *History of the Saracens*, vol. i. p. 219.

(To be continued.)

THE CENSORS.

No. 3

"The passions oft to hear her shell
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting,—trembling,—raging,—fainting,—
Possess'd beyond the muse's painting."
Collins.

The wonderful control which music possesses over the mind is well known. If another proof were necessary to establish the truth of this remark, it would be found in the means which the above cited poet has employed to display the passions in his beautiful ode on them. Its acknowledged power in sympathising with the emotions of the soul has acquired for this science that importance in the field of the fine arts which the civilized world has attributed to it; granting this, is it not possible that it might be adapted to the purposes of benevolence and humanity as well as to those of gaiety and amusement? The force of harmony in that divine art raises our delight in feasts and entertainments. Why should it not be applied to raise the desponding soul, a prey to melancholy solitude—to snatch a miserable human being from distressing reverie?—why should not its influence be applied to the man whom extreme delicacy of feeling or refinement of ideas have absorbed,—to recal him to "life and love," as Shakspeare expresses himself, or to what Pope terms "the proper study of mankind,—man?"

A young man, a Quaker by birth, being in the coffee-room during our last night's meeting, was requested to share our "sober glass." We soon entered into a conversation, in the course of which, one of our society expressed to him his surprise that then

sect seemed to exclude music from their enjoyments. He corrected his mistake by saying that his family were particularly fond of it; and as a proof of the high estimation in which their community in general held it, he told us, that it was used in an institution for the recovery of lunatics, called the "Retreat," at York, for the benefit, or even the restoration of the maniacs, confined there.

That music tends to weaken the faculties of the mind, we know has been remarked, but the truth of this in general we are inclined to doubt. We imagine the mistake may have originated in this way:—if a man, say the holders of that opinion, is in a desponding state, pensive airs will increase his malady—granted;—for to this cause, perhaps, may be attributed the insanity of the poet Collins before-mentioned; but if the soft soother of the soul were made by degrees, or suddenly, as the case might require, to assume a lively tone, and become a quick enlivener of it, the mind would surely follow it.

If philosophers had administered music as doctors have drugs, I doubt not but the minims and quavers of the one would have proved as beneficial as the pills and boluses of the other. The interested person attunes the lay to his presiding ideas, and thus it either exalts his vivacity or depresses his melancholy.

An instance of how much the intellectual faculties will follow music, and change with its vivacity, was some time since felt by one of our society; we will give it in his own words, with the remark he made on it at the time: "I was present once at a musical festival, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where the slow swell of the awful organ rolled round the spacious dome in solemn majesty: the effect may be conceived. After the service, a military band in attendance, who had ranged themselves under the cupola, struck up a lively air; it rebounded from the massy architecture, and enforced gaiety at every stroke. Might not the tripping air of a rondeau restore a gloomy maniac to his reason? for people who are afflicted with fanaticism or superstition, the two principal causes of gloomy despondency, have generally the greatest dislike to this heavenly science, and this in a great measure evinces the service it might be to them."

Themistocles said:—"I never learned to touch the lute or play upon the harp;" and Lord Chesterfield despised the musician in the gentleman. But shall these two examples of false taste withhold our esteem for this admirable art? No;—they only prove to us how much men of the most shining abilities may be betrayed into erroneous judgment, by two great a refinement. The praise of music has resounded in early Greece, in ancient Rome, and in modern Europe; and most probably will maintain its consequence amongst the sister sciences throughout the lengthened period of time.

"Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise,
While at each change the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!" *Pope.*

H. B.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

A MAY DAY EFFUSION.

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washing not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark

should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun-rise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergymen, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys,) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that "now, surely, he must be lost for ever!"—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the "Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises."

Reader, if though meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the groundwork of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr. Reid, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet-street, as thou approachest Bridge-street—*the only Salopian house*,—I have never yet adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper—whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can explicate.

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet I can endure the peculiarity of a young sweep with some-

thing more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough,—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young witsencountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth——but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pye-man——there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to "air" them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

> A sable cloud
> Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

In one of the state beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets interwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ven-

tured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions? is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting place. By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable sleeper.

My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table; for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating"—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which "were their best patrimony"—how gentcelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to "wipe the lip before

drinking." Then we had our toasts—"The King,"—"the Cloth,"—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel." All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on those occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever. Elia.

MAY DAY WITH THE MUSES.

Robert Bloomfield has again appeared on the poetical stage with a poem under the above title; which has been reviewed in the *Literary Gazette*, in the following ingenious paper:—

"The framework of his May Day is not well contrived. An ex-secretary, Sir Ambrose Higham, retiring from a town life to his estate, Oakly Hall, forms the resolution of making his tenants happy by taking a half year's rent at Old May Day from each in rhymes. This substitution of poetical for agricultural distress, as far as appears from the effects at Oakly Hall, seems to be a remedy for all the evils under which our landlords and farmers groan; and we earnestly recommend it to the attention of legislatorial economists and committees. The speculation really would not be a bad one, if its being adopted generally did not create a glut in the market, and tend to depreciate the currency—of verse. We know that large sums are given for copyrights: now supposing the Duke of Northumberland, or any other great landowner, were to take a year's rents in epics, lyrics, pastorals, dramas, descriptive poems, &c. &c.; is it not quite clear that his grace's tenants would be greatly relieved in a pecuniary point, while he would probably get more than double his rent from the booksellers? Thus a sonnet might keep a cow; a ballad, in a way different from the past, carry mirth and jollity into the hut of the hind; a collection of fugitive pieces maintain succeeding generations of respectable men fixed on the lands which their forefathers tilled; a tragedy constitute the laughing contentment of ten families; and an Iliad, or Paradise Lost, plough and cultivate five hundred acres of arable. The experiment is surely worth trying: proceed we to tell of its results in the instance of the worthy old proprietor of Oakly Hall, who has set the example upon his domain, of 'No Song, no Receipt.' His grounds, it grieves us to repeat, lie rather low—somewhere about the foot of Mount Parnassus in Bedfordshire. Having taken his seat, on the appointed day for settling accounts, under a hawthorn-tree—the day itself proving most auspicious—and plenty of good cheer being provided for the assembled country—six of the tenants, in succession, advance, and 'pay in rhymes instead of gold.'

"The first is Philip, 'a farmer's son well known for song,' who recites a piece called The Drunken Father, and rather a doggrel affair. The fellow is in the habit of tippling; but one night his children bringing him from the alehouse, save him from being drowned, which, with his wife's mild reproof, has so prompt an influ-

ence upon him, that he reforms and prospers. Two or three verses will exemplify this story :—

"Stop!" Caleb cried, "you've lost the path,
The water's close before;
I see it shine, 'tis very deep,—
Why, don't you hear it roar?"

And then in agony exclaim'd,
"O where's my mother now?"
The Solomon of hops and malt
Stopp'd short and made a bow

His head was loose, his neck disjointed,
It cost him little trouble,
But, to be stopped and disappointed,
Pah! danger was a bubble.

Onward he stepp'd the boy alert,
Calling his courage forth,
Hung like a log on Andrew's skirt,
And down he brought them both.

"Thus preserved, he is with difficulty at last got home.

But who upon the misty path
To meet them forward press'd?
Twas Ellen, shivering, with a babe
Close folded to her breast.

Said Andrew, "Now you're glad, I know,
To se-se-see us come;—
But I have taken care of both,
And brought them bo-bo-both safe home."

With Andrew vex'd, of Mary proud,
But prouder of her boy,
She kiss'd them both, and sobb'd aloud,—
The children cried for joy.

But what a home at last they found!
Of comforts all bereft;
The fire out, the candle gone,
And not one penny left!

"A desperate bad wood-cut heads this indifferent composition, which, however, according to the author, was received with acclamations by Sir Ambrose and his tenantry.

"The next payer in rhymes, if not in reason, is the Gamekeeper who repeats a tale called The Forester, relating to the fall of a huge oak, and to the browsing of the deer upon its prostrate verdure. Upon this is inflatuted, not very aptly, a comparison of the death of the Princess Charlotte. A few stanzas will serve as an example:—

One dark, autumnal, stormy day,
The gale was up in all its might,
The roaring forest felt its sway,
And clouds were scudding quick as light;
A ruthless crash, a hollow groan,
Aroused each self-preserving start,
The kine in herds, the hare alone,
And shagged colts that grazed apart.
Midst fears instinctive, wonder drew
The boldest forward, gathering strength
As darkness lour'd, and whirlwinds blew,
To where the ruin stretch'd his length.
The shadowing oak, the noblest stem
That graced the forest's ample bound,
Had cast to earth his diadem;
His fractured limbs had delved the ground,

He lay, and still to fancy groan'd;
He lay like Alfred when he died—
"The deer approach—

Some in his root's deep cavern housed,
And seem'd to learn, and muse, and teach,
Or on his topmost foliage browsed,
That had for centuries mock'd their reach.
Winds in their wrath those limbs could crash,
This strength, this symmetry could mar;
A people's wrath can monarchs dash
From bigot throne or purple car.

When Fate's dread bolt in Clermont's bowers
Provoked its million tears and sighs,
A nation wept its fallen flowers,
Its blighted hopes, its darling prize.
So mourn'd my antler'd friends awhile,
So dark, so dread, the fateful day;
So mourn'd the herd that knew no guile,
Then turn'd disconsolate away!

Who then of language would be proud?
Who arrogate that gift of heaven?
To wild herds when they bellow loud,
To all the forest-tribes 'tis given.
I've heard a note from dale or hill
That lifted every head and eye;
I've heard a scream aloft, so shrill
That terror seized on all that fly.

"The third paymaster is John Armstrong, a shepherd bard, whose coinage is stamped 'The Shepherd's Dream, or Fairies Masquerade.' It is a sort of allegorical account of Buonaparte's last campaigns; and furnishes no extract we could wish to ad-

duce. The fourth is the Soldier's Home, which we select as the most pleasing specimen of the author's manner that the volume contains :—

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms ;—farewell my cap and plume :
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour ;
But what an hour was that ! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again !
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light ;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard ;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came ;
It was not fear nor grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair !
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before !—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind ;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land :—that instant came
A robin on the threshold ; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
"Ah ha ! old worn-out soldier, is it you ?"
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd, and bounced, and struggled to be free,
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor ;
That floor clean-sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never ;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But *here* was peace, that peace which home can yield ;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubting rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose ;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.—
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old Soldier! what's the world to me?

"Rosamond's Song of Hope, the fifth division, is a prettyish effusion from a female tenant; and the last piece, Alfred and Jennet, a peculiar story of the loves of a wealthy blind youth and a peasant's daughter, which is the most laboured and the most faulty poem of the whole.

The girl is
The veriest romp that ever wagged a leg;

and one who
-- sings from morn till night, and seems to fly
From tune to tune, the sad, the wild, the merry,
And moulds her lip to suit them like a cherry;

On an exhibition of which kind, her lover says—

You little baggage! not to tell before
That you could sing; mind you go home no more.

"These vulgarisms spoil the tale. But by this time Sir Ambrose and his tenantry had got pretty mellow. His ancient Lady treats him with a masquerade in her wedding-dress of sixty years before; the rustics leap, dance, and drink; their entertainer addresses them in a short complimentary speech; and the book thus concludes:—

An instantaneous shout re-echoed round,
'Twas wine and gratitude inspired the sound:
Some joyous souls resumed the dance again,
The aged loiter'd o'er the homeward plain,
And scatter'd lovers rambled through the park,
And breathed their vows of honour in the dark;
Others a festal harmony preferr'd,
Still round the thorn the jovial song was heard;
Dance, rhymes, and fame, they scorn'd such things as these,
But drain'd the mouldy barrel to its lees,
As if 'twere worse than shame to want repose:
Nor was the lawn clear till the moon arose,
And on each turret pour'd a brilliant gleam
Of modest light, that trembled on the stream;
The owl awoke, but dared not yet complain,
And banish'd silence re-assumed her reign."

PARIS—A SKETCH.

Thou wonderful city! shrine of luxury, emporium of amusement, temple of pleasure, and microcosm of the world! how and where shall I begin thy picture? how describe the indescribable? A pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow would vainly attempt to sketch thy ever-shifting complexion, and mercurial humours; thy unfixable caprices, and interminable contrarieties; in splendid houses and dirty lanes; in a toe-torturing pavement beneath, and hat spoiling water-spout above; in quays capacious enough for the commerce of the world, and a river not deep enough to drown a rat; in bronzed pillars, and faces of bronze; in Sunday finery, and Saturday filth; in grim mustachios *à la militaire*, and gay ear-rings *à la femme*; in shoe-blacks as polished as they are polishing, and fish-women as fanciful as a fine lady, and fat as a porpoise.

What a contrast does Paris offer to London!—show seems to have presided in the building of one, comfort in that of the other. The houses of the Parisians are much loftier and statelier than ours; but then "every man's house is not his castle," and there is a tenant for every floor, nay, perhaps for every room. In London the comfort of private society was never equalled in any stage of the social progress; in Paris the French escape from their comfortless brick floors, naked walls, and fireless hearths, to seek enjoyment without. The Boulevards, in point of momentary amusement are unrivalled; but Paris, as far as regards continued gratification, possesses nothing that is capable of vying with our squares. You may walk in London for miles on an excellent pavement, equal to the floor of a Frenchman's drawing-room; but there is nothing ostentatious in all this. The wonders of London are concealed almost entirely from the eye; the countless means by which water and light, the two greatest wants in a populous city, are circulated through all the veins of the metropolis, are unseen and scarcely thought of. The new street in London is indeed a magnificent dance of architectural beauties; but this is an exception; while Paris in every *quartier* presents the *coup-de'œil* of a new Babylon.

We can conceive nothing grander in the most far-famed cities of ancient times, than the view from the *Pont de Louis Quinze*, particularly when looking across the river to the *Chambre des Députés*, backed by the gorgeous dome of the *Hospital des Invalides*—

The golden palace, temple, grave of war.

Nor can we readily believe that Rome, "in her most high and palmy state," possessed a condensed assemblage of more magnificent objects than are to be met with in a walk from the *Boulevards Italiens*, down the *Rue de la Paix*, through the *Place Vendome* to the *Place Louis Quinze*, and so on to the river, proceeding along the *Quai*, to the Tuilleries and the Louvre. The Tuilleries gardens, it is true, are small in comparison with Kensington gardens; but then they have the superior advantage of being near at hand. It must at the same time be allowed, that they are laid out in a very bad taste. The trees seem as if they were ranged for a country dance or a cotillion. Each orange has a partner; every poplar and lime tree shakes its head at a relation, and "half the terrace just reflects the other." The bronzes are crowded upon a wall, as if it were a broker's shop; the ground is patched with diamonds, quadrants, circles, and ovals, like a lady's inlaid work-box; and the fountains struggle and spirt in all manner of antic dribblings. However, it cannot be denied that ingenuity has done its utmost, in a small compass, to amuse and accommodate the people. The same objection, as to bad taste, does not apply to the stately avenues of the Boulevards. Nothing in London is calculated to vie with its triple arcade, broad as Portland Place, shaded during a course of seven miles by lofty and luxuriant elms, and flanked by an unintermitted succession of palaces, flower gardens, fountains, and theatres. The only bad taste discernible is not in the scene, but in the *dramatis personæ*. Indeed the spectators themselves are a part of the spectacle, and none more so than the beaux, who, with determined anxiety for the *repose* of their legs and arms, contrive to occupy three chairs at a time. All besides is in restless motion; the tension of excitement is kept up almost to torture, and while resolving to run the gauntlet of the Boulevards, and see all that is to be seen, one thinks of the speech of poor Damien, when first fastened to the rack—"*Ce sera une journée forte!*" One is fairly thumb-screwed, picketed, and pressed to death, by the eagerness of the Parisian desire to please. A Savoyard torments with his eternal thrumming, or a *frizeur* twists the most wiry hair into pliant corkscrews, or a *grimacier* tortures "the human face divine" into monstrosities of ugliness, which would have petrified the Gorgons. Next stands a conjuror with all his teeth

trade spread out before him, and further on a female professor, who engages to perform any given operation on your poodle. Here a fruit-seller, with fruit that might tempt Eve to a second perdition: and there the "brown marchande," with a red handkerchief round her head, scarcely redder than her sunburnt skin, arranges her gaudy tray of all the Circean mysteries that restore or create beauty, rouges and essences, false teeth, false ruglets, and false noses. The line of exhibitants seems "to stretch out to the crack of doom," and the intervals of the interminable series are filled up with every species of "all monstrous and prodigious things:" beggar birds and beggar fortune tellers, merry andrews, and tragic actors as merry, dancing children and dancing dogs, white mice, learned monkeys, and militant Canary birds.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Paris, considered merely as a place of gaiety and recreation, should command the preference of strangers. All kinds of luxuries and sensual pleasures are not only in the highest state of refinement, but easily procurable. The comparative smallness of Paris is attended with the same superiority as a small theatre has over a large one; the *spectacle* is compressed into a small compass, and the *dolce vita* of the place are more available. In Paris there are no sulphurous clouds of smoke to hide the "deep blue" beautiful sky, oppress the lungs, and sicken the appetite; and important fact! a half-sovereign in Paris will go as far or farther than a whole sovereign in London. In this case the half is greater than the whole, as Cicero said of a colossal bust of his diminutive son in-law. With rare felicity of combination, physical and moral taste may be gratified at the same time. Sensual pleasure even condescends as far as to woo economy. The *gastronome* of miserly habits or deficient purse finds himself attacked on his weak side, and the enjoyments of *gourmandise*, though at the highest *acme* of scientific refinement, may be cheaply as well as extravagantly gratified. You may dine (*par exemple*) in a superb salon of the Palais Royal, equal to the Clarendon, and be served off plate, with soup, three dishes *au choix*, bread *à discrétion*, a pint of claret, and dessert, for two shillings English money.

VARIETIES.

Magna Charta.—Sir Robert Cotton being one day at his tailor's, discovered that the man held in his hand ready to cut it up for measures, the original Magna Charta, with all the appendages of seals and signatures! He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle; and recovered in this manner what had long been given over for lost.

Fenelon.—A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions that had taken place under them, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live." "But, my friend, said Fenelon, you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

The Wapiti.—Two extraordinary non-descript animals, by far the largest and most beautiful hitherto found in America, were lately landed here from Charleston, and forwarded to Glasgow; they are as yet only known by the Indian name of *Wapiti*. They are of the Cervus, or deer genus, but as large as the horse, and so perfectly gentle as to caress their visitors and receive food from their hands; they are domesticated by the Indians of the Upper Missouri, in the interior of North America, whom they supply well with the most delicious venison, and draw in sledges at the rate of twenty miles an hour; their form unites the most perfect symmetry and elegance, combining the strength and size of the race-horse with a lightness and activity surpassing the greyhound; their horns measure near five feet in

length, and weigh upwards of forty-one pounds. The first pair of these interesting animals were brought by a German traveller into the United States in 1817, and from thence to London, where they were purchased for the sum of a thousand guineas, by Lord J. Murray, who has succeeded in rendering them a permanent advantage to this country, having now a three-generation breed at Datchet, near Windsor, without having lost a single one since they arrived in England,—thus proving the fitness of our climate and food for the naturalization of this noble quadruped to our island. They have been purchased by a gentleman who came from London for the purpose, and we understand are for his Majesty.

POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

No. 5.

THE CONTRAST.

. . . . . And this is love:
Can you then say that love is happiness?

THERE were two portraits: one was of a Girl
Just blushing into woman; it was not
A face of perfect beauty, but it had
A most bewildering smile,—there was a glance
Of such arch playfulness and innocence,
That as you looked, a pleasant feeling came
Over the heart, as when you hear a sound
Of cheerful music. Rich and glossy curls
Were bound with roses, and her sparkling eyes
Gleamed like Thalia's, when some quick device
Of mirth is in her laugh. Her light step seemed
Bounding upon the air with all the life,
The buoyant life of one untouched by sorrow. - - -
- - - There was another, drawn in after years,
The face was young still; but its happy look
Was gone, the cheek had lost its colour, and
The lip its smile,—the light, that once had played
Like sunshine in those eyes, was quenched and dim,
For tears had wasted it: her long dark hair
Floated upon her forehead in loose waves
Unbraided, and upon her pale thin hand
Her head was bent as if in pain,—no trace
Was left of that sweet gaiety, which once
Seemed as grief could not darken it, as care
Would pass and leave behind no memory. - - -
There was one whom she loved undoubtingly,
As youth will ever love,—he sought her smile,
And said most gentle things, although he knew
Another had his vows.—Oh! there are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs, to to whom it is
A triumph that a fond devoted heart
Is breaking for them,—who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them!
Affections trampled on, and hopes destroyed,
Tears wrung from very bitterness, and sighs
That waste the breath of life,—these all were her's
Whose image is before me. She had given

Life's hope to a most fragile bark—to love!
'Twas wrecked—wrecked by love's treachery: she knew,
Yet spoke not of his falsehood; but the charm
That bound her to existence was dispelled—
Her days were numbered:—She is sleeping now.

MORAL REFLECTIONS WRITTEN ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

The man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty, cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On *mortal* crowds.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear what a hustle
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

O! what are men?—Beings so small,
That should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

And what is life? and all its ages—
There's seven stages!
Turnham-Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got'em,
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be as near the sky,
—— Fourteen hands high.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Ah me! hence could I read an admonition
To Mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross and *ball*.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, REBUS, &c.

ANCIENT ENIGMATIC PROPHECY.

When tyme growth eld, the Caesars all efflowne,
The Alexanders grete and litil gone;
When gode kynge George the third, with even honde
Ten years hath ruled over faire Englonde,
And hondred kynges and queenes beene turn'd to dust,
Then a straunge creature on the worlde shall burst!
Ne comet he, to give the pepel feare,
But mochel light to western hemesphere.
Through the wyde yerth, compeer hee shall have none,
Ne rival hee, but nye awhape his fone.
Naked, unkempt, adowne hee shall descende;
Hym they eftsoons an azure cloke shall lende;
Moe gay bedight hee through the yerth is sped;
They chaunge his azure pall for garish red.
Full many a yere in military plight
Deffly he strutts, pre-eminent in might.
Then shall they doffe his robe of sanguine hue,
A jacket don thatt's neythere red norre blewe;
The wisest wight thatt's in the loude hee blesses
Unkend whatt sorte of colour next his dress is!

Ne whyte, ne yellowe, scarlette, blewe, ne greene,
Ywove withouten seam, and wondrous thinne;
And though they on hys backe make punctures three,
And cutte hys hedd, ne blubbered eyne hathe hee:
Woxen more bolde, he moves along, and style
Dispredden pleasaunce, enemy of ille.

Bridport, Dorsetshire.

ENIGMA.

By G. Hooper, of Wookey.

ROUND, plump, and fair, like brothers, we
Are join'd in mutual amity.
In works of art, can there be found
A pair in closer union bound?
Like nuptial tie, when this is done,
We're called no longer two but one.
To make my form the more complete
And render me both strong and neat,
Pillars erect my sides defend,
Fixed in a round at either end,
Which, as my owners may see meet,
Is placed at either head or feet.
I run or stand as you think best,
Though night's my usual time of rest;
From other hands no food we need,
But in our turns each other feed.
But now a tall gigantic race,
With clamorous noise and brazen face,
Usurp the post I once possest,
And drove me from my wonted rest.
In former times my worth was prized,
Though now neglected and despised;
Subject to passion's fickle power
My services can please no more;
But now, alas! hard is my lot,
I'm found but in the humble cot,
Yet still I am allow'd to be
An emblem of mortality.

CHARADES.

By T. Jarvis, near Kingsbridge.

WHEN ruthless death's unerring hand
Levels frail mortals with the dust,
Nature and decency demand,
That relatives should do my first.

My next I take from yonder hill,
Where the pleased eye delighted roves
O'er seas, and lakes, and purling rills,
And woods, and meads, and shady groves.

Congenial minds oft feel delight
And satisfaction from my whole,
While they in friendship's bands unite,
With perfect harmony of soul.

By J. W., of Charmouth.

I WITH my first my second made,
As you will soon find out;
My third a habitation is,
And often moved about:
To be my whole becomes us all,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small.

REBUS.

By J. Westcott, of Clist St. George.

Two thirds of a measure, and part of the face,
Names an elegant flower of beauty and grace,
Which for colours and tints with the rainbow might vie,
When in its own bed it waves its head high.

ANSWERS.

By G. Collins, jun. of Upway, to Philip Gover's 2d Charade, inserted Jan. 21.

BEHOLD in May's enlivening bloom,
The Rose doth shed a rich perfume;
Join'd in to Mary, lovely fair!
The ROSEMARY it makes appear.

J. Westcott, of Clist St. George, has answered this Charade.

By Edward Bowswell, of Shepton Beauchamp, to T. Tucker's Charade, inserted January 21.

THE LARKSPUR was the flower conceal'd,
And now the secret is reveal'd.

J. W. of Charmouth, and G. Collins, of Upway, have answered this Charade.

By J. Tuff, of Charmouth, to W. T. T's Enigma, inserted Jan. 21.

PLYMOUTH-HOOK is the place where your fair doth reside,—
May you soon make the lovely Laurretta your bride!

J. Westcott, of Clist St. George, has answered this Enigma.

By J. W. of Charmouth, to J. Tucker's Rebus, inserted Jan. 21.

IN a cold season of the year
The Woodcock with us doth appear.

J. Westcott, of Clist St. George, has answered this Rebus.